

# DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## Mother of Men.

(Note.—For years Yale men have felt that their university lacked a hymn of the spirit and fire of Princeton's "Old Nassau." Many attempts have been made to supply this deficiency, and for the last three years there has been a prize of \$500 offered. This prize was recently awarded to Brain Hooker, Yale, 1908, for "Mother of Men." The music for "Mother of Men" was written by S. D. Bingham, Yale, 1897.)

Mother of Men, grown strong in giving  
Honor to them thy lights have led—  
Rich in the toll of thousands living,  
Proud of the deeds of thousands dead!  
We who have felt thy power, and known  
Thee,  
We in whose work thy gifts avail—  
High in our hearts enshrined enthroned thee,  
Mother of Men—Old Yale!

Spirit of Youth, alive, unchanging,  
Under whose feet the years are cast—  
Heir to an angelic empire, ranging  
Over the future and the past—  
Thee, whom our fathers loved before us,  
Thee, whom our sons unborn shall hail,  
Praise we to-day in sturdy chorus  
Mother of Men—Old Yale!

## WANTED: AN EMPLOYER.

There was a north-bound car temporarily disabled on Broadway, near Fourth Street, and in consequence, as far south as the eye could reach, stood a row of motionless cars. Also, in consequence, along the curb was ranged a fretting, impatient, helpless crowd, among whom the most anxious was probably Edward Billings Henry.

In stature Edward Billings Henry was briefer than his name would indicate, but to a certain two-room dwelling on Jackson Street he made up in importance what he lacked in height, and it was his overwhelming sense of this importance which made every thin muscle taut and strained every nerve as he stood in the forefront of the crowd, his bare feet planted on the cold asphalt, one hand gripping his remaining stock of papers, the other clutching a nickel.

"I never was in a tearing hurry in my life but what this thing happened!" exploded a man just behind the boy.

Edward Billings Henry turned and looked up. The man was jingling a lot of loose coins in his pocket. The boy glanced down at his one nickel, and said, with conviction, "You can't need to have 'em go like I do."

The big man stared down at the little man in surprise with a gruff "Huh?" but Edward Billings Henry had no time to repeat. His hope had revived. The two men who lay on their backs under the injured car began to crawl out, and the boy rushed forward.

"Will it go now?" he inquired of one of the numerous conductors clustered round.

"Maybe so—in half an hour," replied the conductor, carelessly.

"Oh," cried the boy, in dismay, "I just can't wait that long!"

"Walk, then!" said the conductor, crossly.

"It's too far," replied the boy, "when you've got a stone toe."

"A what?" ejaculated the conductor; but his voice was lost in the honk! honk! of a big white touring car which pushed slowly through the crowd.

In front of the car Edward Billings Henry raced limply on his "stone toe" back to the curb and to the man jingling the coins in his pocket. "Just what time is it, please?" he asked.

The man pulled out a watch and showed it to him.

Edward Billings Henry heaved a great sigh.

"Half past ten! It'll likely be filled up before I can get there."

"What will be?"

"The place I'm after."

Skittfully he raised the limping foot, laid it across the other leg, and nursed the stone-bruised big toe, his eyes on the automobile, which had halted almost in front of him.

"Hello, Junius!" a voice in the crowd sang out. "Lucky dog you, not to have to depend on street-cars!"

The driver of the car was a young man. That is, Edward Billings Henry judged him to be young by the only feature visible, a flexible, wide mouth, with clean-shaven lips. His eyes were behind goggles, and a cap covered his forehead and ears, meeting the tip of a high collar which effectually concealed his chin.

But the mouth smiled as the goggles turned toward the pavement, the owner answering lightly, "Hello

yourself, Dick! Jump in and try my luck."

"Where you going?"

"Up to Congress Square."

"Well, get long then," returned the other. "That's no good to me."

Congress Square! What luck! Exacted where Edward Billings Henry wanted to go, and here was a rapid-transit vehicle with room enough for ten such diminutive persons as he!

Without loss of time he limped upon his aching stone toe and jogged the arm of the driver.

Junius paused and looked down. Edward Billings Henry removed a man's derby from his head and looked up out of eyes kindling with hope, as he asked eagerly:

"Do you s'pose you could get me up there inside of twenty five minutes, mister?"

"What?" Junius stared hard through his goggles.

"To Congress Square," said Edward Billings Henry, impatiently.

It's business, and if I don't get there I'm out of a job, that's all. The boy mounted the step and clung to the seat, proffering his nickel. "I'll pay just what I pay on the car," he argued, "so you'd be making some money as well's giving me a lift."

The goggled eyes looked at the nickel in the dirty hand, and then travelled up and down the small figure back of the hand. The eyes noticed that while those parts of the boy's anatomy which had been exposed all the morning to the city dirt had collected grime, the rims, as it were, of the exposed parts revealed hidden cleanliness.

"Congress Square is an awful way up," urged Edward Billings Henry, "and we mustn't waste much time, for I would like to get that job."

The small hand extended the nickel enticingly toward the glove.

"You'll be earning as much as the street-car by giving me a lift," the boy repeated.

The driver's lips twisted a bit. "That's so," he said.

"Huh!" he clucked, and gracelessly extended his hands for the nickel. "Get in, my man, and I'll give you the lift."

Edward Billings Henry drew a deep sigh of relief, dropped the coin into the other's palm and engulfed himself in the soft front seat.

"Whom have I the honor of giving a lift?" asked Junius, formally, dropping the nickel into a pocket where it lay alone. After it he sent a curious, lingering smile.

"Edward Billings Henry, Junior," replied the boy.

The lips beneath the goggles, smiled. "And where am I lifting you to may I also ask, Edward Billings?"

"To Mr. Florins' office, where they are going to select an office boy this morning 'tween ten and eleven."

The driver busied himself a moment with the steering gear as the car passed the crowded mail-wagons behind the post office building.

Then he turned and shot a curious glance at his small companion, asking abruptly:

"And you think you'll get the job, do you?"

Edward Billings Henry leaned forward as if he could push the machine into a yet faster pace. "I can try for it," he replied. "Father says you never know what you can do unless you try. He's always wanting me to try."

"Yes," muttered Junius, still more interested. "Fathers seem much alike, whether they live up town or down-town."

"Can't we go faster?" asked Edward Billings Henry, sitting on the edge of the seat.

Junius shook his head. "Too many blue-coats around. But about that job, now—you'll not be the only boy after it. There will probably be dozens older—"

"I'm eleven, if I am small," said the boy.

"And stronger—"

The boy stretched out a thin arm defiantly, and closed his fist.

"Just feel!" he cried. "I've got a good muscle, and on my legs it's better yet. Just now I've got a stone bruise on my big toe, but I tell you I can get round like lightning just the same. But Mr. Florins wouldn't ever be sorry he took me."

"Yes, I'm inclined to believe that myself," mused the man. "But how are you going to make him believe that in the beginning?"

The boy raised his lame foot and gently rubbed the swollen big toe.

"Well," he began, "I'm going to talk up big. Father says you have to sometimes when nobody's round to do it for you, and he says it's all right if you do afterwards just as you talk."

The driver wagged his head wisely. "That's sound business sense," he agreed, gravely. "You intend to deliver the same goods that you sell. Let's hear what you have to say."

"Well, if you get me there in time to say anything, I'm going to tell Mr. Florins that father went to school a lot when he was young. He went through high school and got all ready to go through college."

Edward Billings emphasized his verbs as if "going through" was solely a physical exercise on the flying-wedge order, and Junius chuckled.

"Then I'll tell him that father stood almost at the head of his class in high school, and he almost took a lot of honors."

"Well," assented Junius, "that 'almost' is a step farther than a heap of the rest of us got."

"Yes," exclaimed the boy, "I guess Mr. Florins will say so, too. Then I'll tell him that father taught a lot when he couldn't go through college."

What next? inquired Junius. They were approaching Twelfth Street now, and the car was hardly moving in the press of vehicles.

Edward Billings curled his bare toes under, and unconsciously pushed forward with all his slender might. "Then I'll tell him that father used to read a lot of law-books and things same as he does."

"But see here!" interrupted Junius. "All this talk will be about your father. What are you going to say about yourself?"

A cloud overspread Edward Billings' face. He raised a pair of troubled eyes to his questioner.

"Why, I never stopped to think of that," he began, slowly, all the brightness fading on of his tone.

"There's nothing much to say about me. I sell papers and help father—"

"What does your father do?" asked Junius.

The boy hesitated. His face flushed and he looked up uncertainly at the goggles. "He used to teach, I told you," was the evasive answer, "until his eyes gave out."

"And now?"

Edward Billings Henry wriggled about on the padded leather. "He's always had bad legs,"—the evasion continued,—"but his arms and back are strong, and his legs all right to stand on."

"Yes," insisted Junius, and waited.

"So he's doin' something he ain't going to do if I can get this job. Then I could sell papers after and before office hours, and earn a lot of money." Edward Billings Henry talked rapidly, but the young man beside him was not to be turned from his purpose.

"Then what is it he's not going to do?"

The boy hesitated again. "Father takes in washing," he finally burst out, proudly defiant, "and I help him, and we do it good, I tell you! No one ever complains. Father says if you can't do what you want to, you can try something else and that was all he could do, so he tried and found out he could wash and iron good, and a lot of it."

Junius considerably looked straight ahead of him, not wishing to add to the embarrassment of Edward Billings Henry, Junior, but he could not resist the temptation to ask, "Are you going to tell this to Mr. Florins?"

"No sir-ee!" responded the boy, promptly.

"Father ain't going to do—washing any longer if I can get the job."

The car entered Congress Square, drew up in front of an imposing stone building, and stopped. The driver removed his goggles and turned a pair of pleasant gray eyes on the boy.

"Well, Edward Billings, here we are—and you've got the job all right. Can you come in the morning?"

Edward Billings Henry nearly fell off the seat.

"W-hat?" he stammered,

"The job is yours," smiled the young man.

"I happen to be that same Mr. Florins who you have assured me, will never regret employing you. My office is on the second floor here. I did advertise for a boy, but had totally forgotten it." He gave a short laugh; business had never oppressed Junius Florins. "Report in the morning, please, and we'll see about a suit and some shoes and that stone-bruised toe."

Out of the automobile Edward Billings Henry tumbled in a dazed condition, and stood beside his new employer, looking up speechlessly.

"I'll advance you a car fare on your salary," the young man continued. He carefully avoided the pocket where lay the nickel previously owned by his passenger, and produced the change.

"And, Edward Billings, just tell your father from me that his maxims work out so well that I'm thinking of adopting them myself."

—Youth's Companion.

## The King and the Boy.

King Edward, who has recently been at Marlborough, taking the cure, was one day having tea in the Cafe Velveteen gardens with a party of friends. A small boy, with bare brown legs and a head covered with curls, was playing about in charge of his nurse. He was attracted by the King's smile, which comes readily for children, and drew near the royal table.

His Majesty smilingly offered him a piece of cake, whereupon, becoming suddenly shy, the little boy took to his heels and scampered away.

The King laughed softly. But as he knows great deal about child nature, he placed the plate with the cake on it invitingly near the edge of the table and presently "curly head" came haltingly back. His majesty again extended the plate. This time the boy took it.

"Thank you," said he.

The King bowed with the utmost gravity.

Then, resting the plate on the King's knees, the boy ate the cake with appetite, even stopping to pick up and eat a rather large crumb which had fallen at his majesty's feet.

When the last crumb had disappeared, he placed the plate on the table.

"Thank you!" he said again.

Most welcome," returned the King, holding out his hand.

The boy took it, quite unconscious that the shaking hands with England's sovereign, and ran off to his embarrassed and horrified nurse without a backward glance.

But when the King was leaving the gardens the boy spied him, and remembered that he had broken bread with him. With all his little might he chased his majesty's retreating figure.

"Good-bye!" he panted. "The cake was fine."

His majesty's hand rested for an instant on the curly head, and those who witnessed the little scene say that it was a father's and not a king's smile that accompanied the words.—Youth's Companion.

## R. N. Y. P.

Although Johnnie's and Willie's mothers are warm friends, those boys are always fighting each other.

After a recent battle the victorious Johnny was urged by his mother to go and make friends with his foe.

She even offered to give him a party if he would go over and invite Willie to come to that festivity.

After much urging Johnny promised to do as his mother wished.

So the party came off at the appointed time, and was violently enjoyed by all present. But Willie did not come.

"Now, Johnny, did you invite him?" asked Johnny's mother.

"Yes, I did! Yes, ma'am, I invited him," answered Johnny. "I invited him," he added reflectively, "and I dared him to come."—Harper's Weekly.

Twenty-five New York policemen have volunteered to take a course in foreign languages, so as to be able to converse with New York's cosmopolitan population.

## THE EDGE OF THINGS.

Theodore sat on the wall that divided the lawn and the kitchen garden and kicked his heels viciously against the unresponsive stone. They were small feet but they kicked with an energy quite out of proportion. Dore surveyed them with rueful satisfaction, noting with a fiece delight that the toes were stubbed and that green stains had appeared on his white trousers. In short, Theodore was looking on the world and its vain attractions "through a glass darkly."

The red setter came bounding across the lawn to the forlorn little figure on the wayside wall, his flaming red flag of a tail hoisted to the breeze.

The boy's only greeting was a pull at the glossy coat of such astounding energy as to bring forth a yelp of wounded pride.

Dore's arms were about his neck as he said: "Scuse me, Reddy, I only wanted to see if you was 'pertend' too," then, with a deep sigh, "I guess me and you is the only really things around here."

Yesterday, oh fateful day, Dore had learned a lesson that had straightway clouded his fair sky, and since which he had looked out on the world through earnest brown eyes which never before had held a look of unbelief.

He had mentioned casually, in the tone one can afford to adopt when one possesses a young and beautiful aunt, that his Aunt Eleanor was going to take him to ride behind her bran new ponies. "An' she ain't never rode behind them herself yet," he added, proudly.

To which Batty Jones had scornfully replied: "Aw, what yer givin' us? She ain't no more your aunt than she is mine. I could call her 'aunt' too if I liked. My ma said so an' she knows 'cause my pa uster be coachman fer them 'fore he come here."

That night after a silent tea in the nursery Dore walked upstairs, undressed and crawled into bed before Mary had a chance to help him.

"Did you say your prayers, Master Theodore?" she asked.

"No," said Dore, soberly.

"Well come and say them now, that's a good boy, so Mary can go downstairs."

Then it was that Master Theodore, standing as erect as a downy mattress on jumpy springs would let him, and holding tightly to the head board of his little brass bed, replied: "I shall properly never say my prayers again, Mary, so please don't speak of it. There isn't any Aunt Eleanor—there isn't any Santa Claus, and how do I know there's any God?"

Then he lay down and pulled the covers up snugly while the deeply shocked Mary rushed from the room fumbling her heads, too perturbed to hear the boy's "Good-night, Mary; I hope you will sleep well," for he always remembered his manners, did the little chap.

For a long time he lay very quiet thinking it all out. He wasn't hurting anyone by believing these things and they made him happy. What business had anyone to tell him. Then his mind would fill with righteous wrath, but his sturdy little spirit at last asserted itself and as he fell asleep he muttered: "I'm glad I know, anyhow. I don't want to believe 'pertends'."

Still there were tears on his cheeks for his dear Aunt Eleanor, the sweetest illusion of them all, and he sleepily hoped that Batty Jones would not call her "auntie," even if he could if he had a mind to.

All that was last night. This morning he was not quite sure whether he was glad he knew or not.

First he thought he would go away out of sight of the road where the enchanting pony cart would not be visible to eyes that somehow would watch in spite of their determination not to. Then he dug his heels more tightly into the crevices of the wall and decided to say right where he was, so close to the road that he could almost shake hands with those who passed.

All this was of course perplexing, but the problem that made the deepest wrinkles in the boy's forehead was what to say to this whilom "Auntie" when she appeared.

Clearly he could not tell her that

he could not ride with her because she was a "pertender." That would not be polite to say to a lady, and Dore's ideas of chivalry were deep rooted.

"Hallo, Dore! Ready?" a gay voice called. "Jump in beside Rags. We're going to have a famous drive."

Dore looked from the beautiful girl and the bull pup beside her to the ponies impatiently champing on the bit and back to the girl again. This was very embarrassing. He felt his face grow hot. Some boys would have looked sheepish and would have fidgeted. Master Theodore did neither. He stood in the dusty road, cap in hand, and the sun beat down on his closely-cropped head, but he only planted his feet more firmly as he looked the girl squarely in the eyes and said slowly: "No, thank you. I don't think I'll go to-day."

An amused smile crept into the girl's eyes. She had often laughed with his father over what she called the lack of "dirigibility" of this small youth.

"I'll drive around the block and let you think it over," she said. She smiled him a "good-by," the ponies started up, and he was left alone. Something like sob arose in his throat. He was afraid he had been rude, but he could not tell a lady that she was a "pertender."

Better to let her base his rudeness upon refusing to ride with her than that.

A few paces away the cart stopped, and Aunt Eleanor looked back expectantly, but he shook his head and she drove on.

He suddenly awoke to the consciousness that the sun was very hot on his bare head, and putting on this hat he crossed the lawn and entered the house.

His father would not be home till night; his bicycle was tame; his pony had lost its savor. The one thing that still had about it the glamour of brighter days was The Picture in his father's study. Father's favorite arm-chair stood under this picture and Dore could not remember the time when he had not said his prayers kneeling beside it as his father sat there. But this was before father became so busy and had to stay so late nights in the city.

Dore took of his hat and looked at The Picture as he had looked at Aunt Eleanor a few minutes ago.

"You weren't a 'pertender' were you, ma'am?" he asked, politely.

"They told me that God took you away. It seems like they don't want me to have anything, don't it? I'm sorry, cause I think from your face I would like you, ma'am."

Then even while standing there a thought broke in upon him, a thought so delicious and yet so audacious he held his breath as he clung lovingly to it.

If Aunt Eleanor could not be a truly auntie, couldn't she be a truly mother?

Nipper Brown had had three mothers. Now Nipper was the garbage gentleman's boy, and if he could have had three, couldn't this little laddie have one?

He sat down in one of the big slippery chairs to think it over. He suddenly remembered that last night he had refused to say his prayers. He would not make a truce now and say them just because he wanted something, but, he said aloud: "I will just mention it before I go to bed to-night and p'raps God might hear, who knows?"

Dore sat up in bed blinking at the light and rubbing his eyes to get the sleep out.

"What is it, Mary?" he asked.

"Sure 'tis yure father wants you downstairs, Master Theodore, just as you be."

The boy crawled out of his little bed, gathered the folds of his long night dress together and holding it high, went down the stairs.

The study was lighted and his father and Aunt Eleanor stood there.

When pretty Aunt Eleanor, the color coming and going in her pretty cheeks, had snuggled him up close in her warm bare arms and explained what it was all about the child was silent. The girl and the man looked at each other in dismay. Suddenly he sat up very straight and asked wistfully, for he dared not hope too much:

"Aunt Eleanor, did God truly tell you to asked father if you could be my mother?"

The girl's eyes danced as she said: "Yes dear."

"Father, did God tell you to say she could?"

"He certainly did, my little man," his father said with face aglow.

Then Dore slipped off the girl's lap and said very earnestly: "I'll go upstairs and say my prayers now, and I'll get down on both knees, too. I didn't mention any names but he got it all right."

They kissed him and let him go, and as the door closed the girl lifted a tremulous face in which tears and smiles strove for mastery as she said:

"O Jack, I feel just as though he had said: 'God bless you, my children.'"

And Dore, upstairs, as he crept back into bed, said in a comfortably confidential tone:

"That was 'most as quick as telephonin' lord."

## The Year's Harvests.

January sees harvests tended in most districts in Australia and New Zealand, while the people of Chili and other countries of Southern South America are just beginning to reap the fruits of their toil.

In February and March Upper Egypt and India begin and continue harvest.

April sees harvest begun in Syria, Cyprus, Coast of Egypt, Cuba, Persia and Asia Minor.

May is a busy time in Central Asia, Algeria, Morocco, Southern Texas, Florida, China and Japan.

June calls forth the harvesters in California, Oregon, Southern United States, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Hungary, Romania, Turkey, Danubian States, Southern France, Greece and Sicily.

July sees harvest in England, the Central States, Switzerland, Upper Canada, Northern France, Germany, Austria and Poland. August continues the gathering in the British Isles, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Manitoba, Lower Canada, Denmark and Russia.

September rules Northern Scotland, southern parts of Sweden and Norway, as well as the cold islands of the North Sea.

October is the harvest month for corn in America, and for hardy vegetables in Northern Sweden and Ireland.—Ee.

## Good Advice.

Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands can not be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character can not be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speak ill of you, let your life be so that none will believe him. Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income. When you retired to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind. Avoid temptation through fear that you may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak ill of any one.—Ee.

## Flying 3,000 Miles.

The most wonderful bird flight noted is the migratory achievement of the Virginia plover, which leaves its haunts in North America, and taking a course down the Atlantic, reaches the coast of Brazil in one unbroken flight of 15 hours, covering a distance of over 3,000 miles at the rate of four miles a minute.

Representative Joseph Holt Gaines, of West Virginia, enjoys the unusual distinction of being the only member of either House of Congress born in Washington, D. C.



**Deaf-Mutes' Journal.**  
NEW YORK, APRIL 23, 1903  
EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.  
THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 1042 Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.  
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"He's true to God who's true to man:  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is done to us,  
And they are slaves must base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

**Rudyard Kipling to the Boys.**

Rudyard Kipling in an address delivered before the students of the McGill University, of Montreal, Canada, gave counsel to his youthful auditors in the following words:  
"The only penalty youth must pay for its enviable privileges is that of listening to people known, alas! to be older and alleged to be wiser. On such occasions very little truth is spoken. I will not try to depart from the convention. I will not tell you how the sins of youth are due very largely to its virtues; how its arrogance is very often the result of its innate shyness; how its brutality is the outcome of its natural virginity of spirit. These things are true, but your preceptors might object to such texts without the proper notes and amendments. But I can try to speak to you more or less truthfully on certain matters to which you may give the attention and belief proper to your years.  
"When, to use a detestable phrase, you go out into the battle of life, you will be confronted by an organized conspiracy which will try to make you believe that the world is governed by the idea of wealth for wealth's sake, and that all the means which lead to the acquisition of that wealth are, if not laudable, at least expedient. Now, I do not ask you not to be carried away by the first rush of the great game of life. That is expecting you to be more than human. But I do ask you, after the first heat of the game, that you draw breath and watch your fellows awhile. Sooner or later you will see some man to whom the idea of wealth as mere wealth does not appeal, whom the methods of amassing that wealth do not interest, and who will not accept money if you offer it to him at a certain price.  
"At first you will be inclined to laugh at this man, and to think that he is not smart in his ideas. I suggest that you watch him closely, for he will presently demonstrate to you that money dominates everybody except the man who does not want money. You may meet that man on your farm, in your village or in your Legislature. But be sure that whenever you do meet him, as soon as it comes to a direct issue between you, his little finger will be thicker than your loins. You will go in fear of him, he will not go in fear of you. You will do what he wants; he will not do what you want. You will find that you have no weapons in your armory with which you can attack him; no argument with which you can appeal to him. Whatever you gain, he will gain more.  
"I would like you to study that man. I would like you better to be the man; because from the lower point of view it doesn't pay to be obsessed by the desire of wealth for wealth's sake. If mere wealth is necessary to you, for purposes not your own, use your left hand to acquire it, but keep your right for your proper work in life. If you employ both arms in that game you will be in danger of stooping; in danger also of losing your soul.  
"They say youth is the season of hope, ambition, and uplift, that the last word youth needs is an exhortation to be cheerful. Some of you here know, and I remember, that youth can be a season of great depression, despondencies, doubts and waverings, the worse because they seem to be peculiar to ourselves and incommunicable to our fellows. There is a certain darkness into which the soul of the young sometimes descends—a horror of desolation, abandonment, and realized worthlessness, which is one of the most real of the evils in which we are compelled to walk.  
"I know of what I speak. This is due to a variety of causes, the chief of which is the egotism of the human animal itself. But I can tell you for your comfort that the chief cure for it is to interest yourself, to lose yourself, in some issue not personal to yourself—in another man's trouble or, preferably, another man's joy. But if the dark hour does not vanish, as sometimes it doesn't; if the black

cloud will not lift, as sometimes it will not; let me tell you again for your comfort that there are many liars in the world, but there are no liars like our own sensations. The despair and the horror mean nothing, because there is for you nothing irremediable, nothing irrefragable nothing irrevocable in anything you may have said or thought or done. If for any reason you cannot believe or have not been taught to believe in the infinite mercy of Heaven, which has made us all, and will take care we do not go far astray, at least believe that you are not yet sufficiently important to be taken too seriously by the powers above us. In other words, take anything and everything seriously except yourselves."

**FANWOOD.**

From our Regular Correspondent.

The pupils left for home for the Easter vacation, which began last Wednesday, and will end on Monday, the 27th inst. They were very eager to go, and at noon time there were very few left compared with the number present early in the morning. Doubtless, they will have numberless yarns with which to regale each other when they get back again, and settle down once more to the unceasing grind of the school year.  
Those who remained here are doing the best they can drive off the feeling of loneliness which appears to pervade around here. Basketball takes first place when the weather is a bit too Arctic-like for such a game as baseball. With the advent of warmer conditions, there will be something doing in that line.  
The Regulars will make their appearance on the 20th or 21st, and have some hard practice preparatory to crossing bats with the boys of Belts' Academy, on April 22d. Belts' Academy beat the Yale Freshmen last week, and our boys can hope to win only by hard playing and steadfastness.  
Editor Hodgson took a few snapshots of the morning division of the printing classes last Friday morning. They turned out very well, and Mr. Hodgson delighted the members by presenting each with one as a reminder.  
Last Wednesday afternoon, after four o'clock, the older boys went up to the gymnasium under the supervision of one of the tutors. They enjoyed themselves very much in trying to do various gymnastic feats. The weather was in bad shape, hence their desire to be in the gymnasium.  
The opening game of baseball this season was played last Tuesday afternoon, at the American League grounds, near the Institution, Mayor McClellan tossing the ball. That has decided the boys to spend their spare pennies for news papers in order to scan the baseball columns. Max Weisberg, C. Miller and a few others, had nothing to talk about except the opening game, for a full week before it came around. They seem to be quite happy, and we hope their joy will not be short-lived.  
Last Tuesday the members of the Fanwood Senior Basket Ball Team received their pictures, which had been taken about three or four weeks ago. From their actions, it could be clearly seen that it was a sin for them to leave the photographs locked up, with only the walls of their lockers to admire their handsome visages and Apollo-like figures. So a good many times the doors were unlocked, and, lo! out came those pictures to be inspected, though, how many times they did so is not known, no tally being kept, to their great relief. Of course, they were taken home for the double purpose of having their friends see them, and to resist the temptation to look at them too often for fear of spoiling their splendid physiques in the photographs.  
Miss Alice Judge, in command of the house-cleaning regiment, is busy cleaning the boys' clothing rooms at present, and then the assault will begin at other parts of the Institution.  
The constant use of the basketball court has its results. The basket at the western end has lost all its netting and the nuts have become loose, thereby causing the iron loop to hang down. The boys staying here will fix it, doubtless.  
John Mooney, of West Farms, Bronx, New York City, a graduate of this Institution, was a caller on the 16th. He is a painter by trade, and took advantage to call on a relative residing near the school, as he was laid off for a few days, and incidentally visited the scene of his boyhood.  
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dyer, of Brooklyn Borough, were visitors on the morning of Good Friday. They are both graduates of Fanwood. Mr. Dyer is a compositor, and learned the trade under Mr. Hodgson. During the Summer months he plays ball with semi-professional clubs, and is a first-class twirler, having at his command a couple of swift drop and in shoot curves that has fooled many a first-class batsman. Mrs. Dyer's maiden name was Millie Sanford.

**INDIANA.**

ELKHART.  
Mr. Cadialie Berryman, of Elkhart, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Priestly a week last week.  
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. Miller, of Middlebury, made their Easter day visit with the latter's parents at Foraker.  
The home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. Markley was made very happy by the arrival of a young dishwasher, last March 14th.  
Alonso Yoder, of Shipshewanna, is busy setting out the strawberry plants this week, having gotten a large order from Mr. Herbert Cavannah, of Wolcottville, another mite, who of late has been dubbed the "Strawberry King."  
Mr. Amos Shaum is now working for Mr. Eugene A. McCullough, of Butler.  
The basket factory, located at Butler, was recently burned down, throwing about thirty-five men and women out of employment, among whom is a deaf-mute by the name of Birdsell Darling, who had recently won the hand of a fair lady thus putting more hardship on him unexpectedly, but it will be rebuilt in a short time.  
Mr. and Mrs. Berghorn, of Ft. Wayne, had a strange visitor last February 19th, one that is what we term "smarter than his daddy." However, we understand that he is allowed to make their home both happy and miserable till his average time comes.  
Mrs. John Priestly, of Goshen, and Mrs. Cadialie Berryman, of Elkhart, were helping eat the colored Easter eggs at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob N. Lower, of Rome City. Wonder how many dozens they could have consumed.  
Mr. Eugene A. McCullough, of Butler, has his farm named "Hoosier Banana Farm," which is a novel name. Suppose the Christian Endeavor Society members have the meeting at his house, look out for the bananas. They might have been grafted in the peach trees!  
Rev. Hasenstab, of Chicago, will fill up his regular mission work at South Bend, April 24th.  
Eugene McCullough had a trial meeting at Peru, on March 1st, and has been holding such meetings in Fort Wayne every three weeks through the winter. He is expected to have another meeting again at Peru on Easter day.  
The Elkhart County Christian Endeavor Society has not been opened yet owing to the more pressure of work and larger acreage planted this year, as nine tenths of the Christian Endeavor Society are farmers by occupation but will be opened soon after corn planting.  
There are several life insurance policies in existence, having various rules and regulations concerning the accident, etc. Henry D. Miller, the owner of the "Hillside Farm" is well contented that the farm is the best insurance policy on the earth. In the other life insurance policy some one else gets the money when you die, while on the hillside farm he gets the best premium and dividend while he lives and sees. There are on the Hillside Farm at present 5 calves, 25 pigs, 19 lambs and one colt, and half are not over yet with their offspring.  
The good wife gets 28 dozen eggs a week from one hundred Plymouth Rocks, besides what they eat and set for hatching. Seven years ago the owner had only \$450 at the marriage, and paid \$300 down on the purchase of a eighty-acre farm, and upon selling it, a net profit of \$1,200 was realized. They now have a farm of one hundred and eighty acres with \$3,000 mortgage on it. They have ten cattle and seven head of horses, twenty-eight sheep and lots of hogs, while at the start they had only one milch cow and a calf and one brooder sow and a span of old and cheap horses, and to-day they have most all kinds of machinery. In conclusion, the farm is the best place for the deaf, though in farming one does not make money as in towns, but in the end nothing can beat farming. Have known teachers making \$80 to \$150 a month for twenty years; yet we do not know of any of them owning property.  
April 18, 1908.  
**Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes.**  
It meets the first Thursday Eve'g of each month at 8 o'clock, in ST. MARK'S CHAPEL, Adelphi St., near De Kalb Ave.  
**GUILD MEETINGS**  
Thurs. May 7—Guild Meeting.  
Thurs. " 21—Wish Bone Party.  
Thurs. June 3—Rev. Dr. T. Galandier's Birthday.  
Thurs. " 18—Guild Meeting.  
July or August PIC-NIC.  
Thurs. Sept. 17—Guild Meeting.  
Thurs. Oct. 1—Guild Meeting.  
Thurs. " 29—Hallowe'en Party.  
Thurs. Nov. 5—Guild Meeting.  
Thurs. " 19—Thanksgiving Donation.  
Thurs. Dec. 10—Gallaudet Anniversary.  
Wed. " 30—Christmas Festival.  
MRS. FRANK ECKA,  
President.  
MRS. WM. A. MOORE,  
1509 DeKalb Ave.  
Cor. Sec'y.

**HOME OF BASEBALL.**  
Game Originated in Cooperstown.  
ABNER DOUBLEDAY, AFTERWARD MAJOR GENERAL, ITS ORIGINATOR—A MOUNTAIN SUGGESTED.  
Cooperstown is the birthplace of baseball. An expert commission of baseball authorities, appointed three years ago, has so officially decided, and there is now no further room for doubt of it. The announcement will be officially made in the forthcoming "Spaulding's Official Baseball Guide for 1908."  
A long letter from Mr. A. S. Spaulding explains Cooperstown's connection with the origin of baseball. We quote a portion of Mr. Spaulding's letter:  
"I would call the special attention of the Commission to the letters received from Mr. Abner Graves, at present a mining engineer of Denver, Colo., who claims that the present game of Base Ball was designed and named by Abner Doubleday, of Cooperstown, N. Y., during the Harrison Presidential campaign of 1839, which antedates the organization of the old Knickerbocker Base Ball Club of New York City by six years, when the first printed rules were promulgated. It also antedates by three years the first authentic account of games of Base Ball being played in a desultory sort of way by the young business men of New York City, in 1842. While it has generally been conceded that New York city was the birthplace of Base Ball in 1842, this account of Mr. Graves tends to locate its birth at Cooperstown, N. Y., in 1839, and General Abner Doubleday its designer and christener.  
"In this connection it is of interest to know that this Abner Doubleday was a graduate of West Point in 1842, and afterwards became famous in the Civil War as the man who sighted the first gun fired from Fort Sumter, April 12, 1861, which opened the War of the Rebellion between the North and South. He afterwards became a Major General in the United States Army and retired from service in 1873, and died January 26, 1893.  
"Mr. Abner Graves was a boy playmate and fellow pupil of Abner Doubleday at Green's Select School in Cooperstown, N. Y., in 1830. Mr. Graves, who is still living, says that he was present when Doubleday first outlined with a stick in the dirt the present diamond-shaped Base Ball field, indicating the locating of the players in the field, and afterwards saw him make a diagram of the field on paper, with a crude pencil memorandum of the rules for his new game, which he named 'Base Ball.' As Mr. Graves was one of the youths that took part in this new game under Doubleday's direction, his interesting and positive account of this incident is certainly entitled to serious consideration.  
"Personally, I confess that I am very much impressed with the straightforward, positive and apparently accurate manner in which Mr. Graves writes his narrative, and the circumstantial evidence with which he surrounds it, and I am very strongly inclined to the belief that Cooperstown, N. Y., is the birthplace of the present American game or Base Ball, and that Major General Abner Doubleday was the originator of the game. It certainly appeals to an American's pride to have had the great national game of Base Ball created and named by a Major General in the United States Army, and to have that same game played as a camp diversion by the soldiers of the Civil War, who at the conclusion of the war, disseminated Base Ball throughout the length and breadth of the United States, and thus gave to the game its national character.  
The United States Army has certainly played a very important part in the early development of Base Ball, and in recent years the United States Navy has become the emissary that is planting the seeds of the game in every foreign land, which must result in making the American national game of Base Ball the universal field sport of the world. The intrinsic merits of the game itself can be depended upon to overcome all prejudice and opposition that may show itself."  
It is believed by some of the old residents of Cooperstown that it was at Duff's Military School that Abner Doubleday first played baseball. Duff's school stood on Apple Hill, the present site of Fernleigh, the home of Bishop and Mrs. Henry C. Potter. Many Cooperstown people remember Major General Doubleday, and he has some relatives of the same name in this vicinity now.  
The New York World says: "The commission appointed to determine where base ball originated has reported, after a painstaking investigation covering three years, that the game was first played at Cooperstown, N. Y., under the direction of Abner Doubleday in 1839. The commission was composed of Senator Morgan G. Bulkeley, A. G. Mills, Nicholas E. Young, Alfred J. Renai, George Wright and James E. Sullivan—names of renown wherever bleachers exist. Their report settles an old controversy and is entitled to the

respect of all investigators of the origin of the horse or discoverers of 'missing links.' Base Ball is thus proved to be like poker, a genuine American product. It did not come out of the mysterious East, like our religions and languages, like chess and cards, peaches and sherbet. It was not played in ancient Rome, like hop scotch and jackstraws. It is native, indigenous, all our own, and the fact is a just subject for pride.  
Has Doubleday a monument? He is now shown to have been illustrious on two fields. Cooperstown has acquired a second famous son whose achievements will deserve a centennial commemoration."—*Freeman's Journal, Cooperstown, N. Y., March 26.*  
**Prevention of Tuberculosis.**  
The Board of Supervisors of Oneida County, have passed resolutions providing for the establishment of a hospital for the care of advanced cases of tuberculosis. The resolutions permits the expenditure of from \$65,000 to \$85,000 for the purpose of building a general county hospital and a general tuberculosis hospital on the same grounds, but separated from the general hospital. The tuberculosis hospital is to provide 25 beds for men and 15 for women. The resolution also provides that the plans and specifications be drawn up and presented to the State Board of Charities for approval, thus guaranteeing that this hospital will be thoroughly modern and up to date in every respect.  
It was in Oneida County, the first of last October, that the State Charities Aid Association inaugurated its campaign on the Prevention of Tuberculosis, and this action taken by the Supervisors is one of the most important results of the campaign thus far. During the campaign which was waged in Utica and Rome, it developed that there was absolutely no provision in Oneida County for the adequate care of the tubercular patients, and that those admitted to the County Home were allowed to mingle at liberty with other inmates, thus spreading the infection. As a result of the investigation of the State Charities Aid Association, the State Board of Charities became interested, and through them an official investigation was undertaken. Mr. Holmer Folks, the Secretary of the State Charities Aid Association, and Mr. Dennis McCarthy of the State Board of Charities, recently appeared before the Board of Supervisors, submitting their reports and making recommendations which were adopted without any material change. At the same meeting, the Board of Supervisors passed unanimously the above mentioned resolutions providing for the county's sick poor. It is to be hoped that other counties that have not provided for the care and isolation of the tubercular cases will follow the example set by Oneida County.  
Another important result of the campaign in this section was reported in the Rome Sentinel this week, in which it was stated that the budget had just been completed and provision was made for the expenditure of \$1,000 for the prevention of tuberculosis. Accord ingly, Dr. C. R. Mahody, newly appointed Health Officer, is to begin at once the adoption of vigorous measures for the control of this disease in Rome.  
**Catholic Church Notices.**  
St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street—Instruction and Services in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M., on the third Sunday of the month.  
St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.  
St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.  
BROOKLYN—Knights of Columbus Hall, Hanson Place and South Portland Avenue.—Religious Instruction at 3:30 P.M., on the fourth Sunday of the month.  
JERSEY CITY—St. Peter's, 144 Grand Street, Services and Instruction in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M., on the first Sunday of the month.  
Under the direction of REV. M. R. MCCARTHY, S. J.  
**PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.**  
MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.  
N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.  
REV. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, Pastor  
Afternoon service, at 3.30 P.M.  
Bible class meets at 4 o'clock.  
Gymnasium and Reading Room are open to the members and their friends every Friday evening from 8 to 10 o'clock.  
Address all communications to the President, Mr. Archibald McL Baxter, 32 West 60th Street, New York City.  
**SYNAGOGUE SERVICE**  
Beth Israel Bikur Cholim.  
72d Street, corner of Lexington Avenue.  
Every Friday, evening, at 8 o'clock.  
MARCUS L. KENNER,  
Leader.

**LIFE SPONTANEOUS.**  
So far as we have evidence, life is an inevitable outcome of the cooling of a globe, provided that globe is sufficiently large, for life did not reach this earth from without. No fanciful meteorite bore the seeds which have since sprouted and overrun its surface. Meteorites gave it life, indeed, but in the more fundamental way in which all nature's processes are done, by supplying it with matter only from which by evolution life arose. Of this we are absolutely certain from the fact that while meteors were falling up on it in any numbers they were forming its mass, the full heat of which had not yet been evolved by their impact and subsequent condensation. The heat that thence ensued was excessive, many fold greater than sufficed to kill any germs that might have come to it housed in the meteorites themselves. Thus the action due the meteorites after they came must have annihilated any organic possibilities they may have brought with them. Those arriving after the heat had waned enough to make survival possible found life already started, since protoplasm formed the moment cooling permitted of it.  
The proof that life was here spontaneously evolved appears at every stage in its history not only in its origin, but at every step of its progress upward where a marked departure occurs from its previous course. It and the environment are observed to have changed together. Two short parallel columns, the one showing the changes that have occurred in the habitat, the other those supervening in the habitat, will make this not simply clear, but striking. As effective as the well known deadly parallel of oratorical utterances, this life giving one reaches the same certainty through probabilities disclosed.  
Occasion of this vital parallelism occurs at the very start. Indeed, we may go back of this and note agreement before the start, for until the conditions were such as could support life no life appeared. This is the first coincidence. Another follows on its heels with the dawn both of conditions fit for some existence and of that existence itself. The waters were its birthplace. No other portion of the surface could then have offered it a home, and nowhere except in the sea is it then found.  
The simultaneity of each new birth and each new cradle crops up again when a new field arose by the making of the land. As soon as this was suitable plants appeared to take on possession of it and from that time on neglected more and more the sea.  
The fourth parallel is found in the significant fact that the edible plants and the plant eaters made their debut on the scene together in miocene times, the world having got along without both before that epoch. This entry hand in hand, so to speak, De Lapparent, the great French geologist, does not hesitate to link logically and to regard the one as the necessary complement of the other. If this were not the case, there is certainly no reason why they should appear at the same instant of time. Food evokes its eater in fact as definitely as in phraseology.  
The last of this procession of coincidences, man, came on the globe at the time when the cooling of the globe rendered his own extension possible at the least expense to himself. His brain allowed him to take advantage of conditions less intrinsically favorable than other animals could endure. His mind clothed his body and gave him fire, and with these two products he sallied forth into a world where antagonists were chiefly climatic, with which he was fitted to cope.  
Thus all along the line we perceive that life and its domicile arose together. The second is necessary to the first, and the first is always sufficient to the occasion. The coincidence of the possibility and its seizure, of the *posse* and the *esse*, seems to be a general principle of evolution. Endless variation is constantly in progress, and this variation takes advantage of any opportunity so soon as it occurs. Life but waits in the wings of existence for its cue to enter the scene the moment the stage is set.—*Professor Lowell in Century Magazine.*  
**A Costly Game of Chess.**  
On the day preceding the night on which General Washington had determined to cross the Delaware River, December 25th, 1776, and attack the British Army at Trenton, an Englishman in the neighborhood dispatched his son with a note to the British commander, General Rahl, to warn him of the approaching danger. The general was deeply absorbed in a game of chess when the note was presented to him, and without withdrawing his attention from the board thoughtlessly put the note into his vest pocket. After the battle that took place the next day, when the British commander, mortally wounded, was carried into the house of Stacy Potts, the note was found unopened in his pocket.  
There will be an all-day Fair and Lawn Party at the Gallaudet Home, on the anniversary of the birth of its founder, the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet—June 3d.

**Seeing and Not Seeing**  
Last summer two Italian boys who work in a city store were given a chance to spend two weeks in a country town, free of cost except their railroad fare. They went in high spirits but before the first week was out one of the boys came back, saying there was there was nothing to do, and he got home sick. The other boy stayed two weeks, and came home telling what a good time he had and how sorry he was to leave. He had gone through a sewing machine factory in the place, learned every step in making a sewing machine. He had been shown through the bank, and had the workings of the time-lock and the systems of bookkeeping explained to him. He had helped to pick peas and shell them; he had ridden for the milk on a bicycle; he had rowed on the river; he had picked berries, and he read books. One boy went with his eyes shut, and saw nothing to enjoy. The other went with his eyes open, and saw everything—*Junior C. E. World.*  
**Another Guess.**  
EDITOR DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL:—*In re* the purport of the fences on the windows of the McAdoo tunnel cars, I venture the opinion that as the cars are not provided with cow catchers in front, those fences obviously were put there to prevent stray cows from walking into the cars. As our friend, Ike Soper, can testify, cows when grazing and munching are a dreamy, stupid lot, and will involuntarily walk into anything. Soper knows it. He used to ride a bicycle, and on one occasion broke the fork of his bike on the starboard side of a lean Long Island cow, that was crossing the road in a brainstormy, lunatic manner. L. I. T.  
**CHURCH NOTICE.**  
Dioceses of Central Pennsylvania, Harrisburg, Western New York.  
APRIL, 1908.  
26—10:45 A.M. St. Luke's Chapel, Rochester, Holy Communion.  
7:30 P.M. Trinity Chapel, Buffalo. Weekday services by special appointment.  
FRANKLIN C. SMITH, *Missionary*, 1235 Rural Avenue, Williamsport, Pa.  
**ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.**  
Franklin Street above Green, Phila., Pa.  
REV. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 3525 N. Nineteenth Street.  
Services every Sunday at 2:30 P.M. (Except during July and August, 10:30 A.M.)  
Holy Communion—First Sunday of the month.  
Bible Class, immediately after services.  
Clere Literary Association meets every Thursday, after 7:30 o'clock.  
**Service for Deaf-Mutes.**  
APRIL, 1908.  
26—10:30 A.M., Trinity Parish House, Boston.  
4:00 P.M. Saints' Chapel, Worcester, Holy Communion.  
4:00 P.M., Trinity Church, Haverhill. Service every Friday at 4:00 P.M., at New England Home, Everett.  
S. STALEY SEARING, *Missionary for Deaf-Mutes*, Massachusetts, West Mass., and Rhode Island.  
Edwin W. Frisbee, Lay Readers.  
Albert S. Tafts.  
**Northern District.**  
REV. GEORGE FREDERICK FLICK, *Missionary*.  
APRIL  
24—8 P.M. St. John's Church, Dubuque, Iowa.  
**St. Thomas Mission, St. Louis.**  
Christ Cathedral Chapel, 13 and Locust Sts.  
REV. J. H. CLOUD, *Minister*, 2906 Virginia Avenue.  
Mr. Arthur O. Steidmann, Lay Reader.  
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.  
Sunday School at 10 A.M.  
Week-day meetings at 8 P.M., on first and third Fridays and fourth Wednesday, in the Parish House.  
**SOUTHERN DIOCESES.**  
REV. OLIVER J. WHILDIN, *General Missionary*.  
Church services are held in the following places by the lay-readers mentioned on such Sundays and other days, and at such hours as are locally announced. The general missionary visits these and numerous other stations throughout the South at intervals to be appointed and locally made known.  
**LAY-READERS.**  
Grace Chapel, Baltimore, Mr. G. W. Boss.  
Trinity Chapel, Washington, Mr. H. L. Stafford.  
St. Matthew's Church, Wheeling, Mr. J. C. Bremer.  
St. Philip's Church, Durham, N. C., Mr. R. Fortune.  
Christ Church, Little Rock, Ark., Mr. J. H. Eddy.  
St. Paul's Church, New Orleans, La., Mr. H. L. Tracy.  
The following named persons were confirmed at St. Thomas Mission on Palm Sunday: Wm. C. Stigleman, Eldorus Harden, Malcolm Redmont, Ella May Bennett, Lotta Henrietta Wilson.



## NEW YORK.

### Easter Day at St. Ann's.

### COLLEGE ALUMNI MEET.

### Basket Ball--Other Notes.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes was packed to the doors at the afternoon service on Easter Sunday, and late comers were obliged to stand.

The altar was beautifully decorated with Easter lilies, potted and cut flowers.

Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain officiated, assisted by Rev. Mr. Keiser, and Lay Reader Chester Q. Mann.

The vested choir, which occupied new seats next to the chancel rail, rendered most beautifully, in concerted signs, the hymns for the day.

They were Misses Alice E. Judge, Emma F. Caddy, Mary and Eunice Brower, and Mrs. John H. Keiser.

Rev. Dr. Chamberlain was most forceful and eloquent in his reading of the lesson and delivery of the sermon.

Holy Communion followed the service proper, and was partaken of by considerably over a hundred and fifty.

Many out of town deaf-mutes were present, Connecticut being quite largely represented.

Saturday evening, April 18th, was made an occasion that will long be remembered by those present. An ingenious plan was originated by a young matron of East Orange, N. J., whereby the deaf-members of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church were invited to the home of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Rose, to meet Rev. H. A. Johnston, their former pastor.

Unaware of a surprise being in reserve, the young people entered into the spirit of the occasion in spite of the inclement weather. The surprise came out in the form of an Easter wedding, the contracting parties being Miss Agnes Ziegler and Mr. James A. Evans. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Johnston. Miss Lizzie Weber was bridesmaid and Mr. Archibald McL. Baxter was bestman. Showers of rice, confetti, and old shoes and rubbers were in play incessantly all the way from East Orange, N. J., to New York, from which point Mr. and Mrs. Evans started on their "honeymoon," amid the good wishes for a bright future.

Besides the deaf members of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, several relatives of the bride and bridegroom were present.

The advance sale of tickets for the dramatic entertainment to be given at St. Ann's Church, Saturday evening, April 25th, show that a large crowd will turn out to witness the first performance by the members of the Peet Dramatic Club, of Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities."

The very creditable manner in which the rehearsals have been performed is encouraging to the management of the entertainment. No effort has been spared to present a drama that abounds in exciting situations and will hold the attention of the patrons from beginning to end. The star parts will be as assumed by Prof. W. G. Jones, as Dr. Manette; Miss Louise E. Turner, as his daughter, Lucie; and Messrs. William Renner as Charles Darnay, and Alfred Stern as Sidney Carton. The proceeds go to the fund of the Guild of Silent Workers. The costumes and scenery have been arranged for from one of the firms in this city that makes a specialty of supplying the big theatrical companies with their costumes and properties. Don't miss this entertainment. It will prove both interesting and instructive. General admission is 25 cents. Reserved seats, 35 cents. Refreshments will be on sale at reasonable prices.

Invitations have been issued for a "social gathering" of ladies to be held this Sunday afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock, in the rooms of the Young Women's Hebrew Association, at 1578 Lexington Avenue, between 101st and 102d Streets, for the purpose of organizing a Ladies' Relief Society. While the proposed Society is primarily intended to be an Auxiliary of the "Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf," its scope will nevertheless be far-reaching, having for its main object the alleviation of poverty and suffering among the worthy deaf without distinction to race or creed. "Women of Israel," who though deaf, can yet "hear" misery's cry, and who still regard the exercise of sweet charity as one of the prime virtues of their ancient race, are earnestly urged to emulate the example of

## PHILADELPHIA.

### Board of Managers Gets No Quorum.

### THE EASTER APPEAL.

### Budget of Interesting News Items.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1588 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf held a stated meeting at the residence of President Reider, 1588 N. Dover Street, on Saturday evening, April 11th. Besides the President the following Managers were present: Secretary R. M. Ziegler; Treasurer Geo. T. Sanders, Thomas Breen and Charles Partington. A quorum was not obtained until nine thirty, and, in consequence, the Board was unable to finish the business before it, and an adjourned meeting will be held on May 22d.

Messrs. R. M. Ziegler, J. A. McIlvaine, Jr., and Rev. C. O. Dantzer, whose terms as Trustees of the Home expire on May 31st, were re-elected to serve three years.

The date for the twenty-second meeting of the Society at Lancaster was fixed on August 27th, 28th, and 29th, 1908.

The Committee on Revision of the By-Laws recommended the adoption of the following amendments and additions:

1. The Treasurer shall close his accounts for the current year the first day of June, and hereafter the financial year of the Corporation shall begin the first day of June in every year.
2. The fiscal year of the Board of Managers shall end on the thirtieth day of June in every year.
3. The Treasurer of the Board of Trustees shall annually present to the Board of Managers a full and detailed account of all his financial transactions for the year ending on the thirty-first day of May in every year.
4. The fiscal year of the Board of Trustees shall end on the thirty-first day of May in every year.
5. He [the Secretary] shall attest all orders drawn upon the Treasurer for the payment of money or appropriations that may be turned over to the Treasurer of the Board of Trustees. He shall receive and sign all certificates of membership countersigned by the Treasurer, and send the same to the members entitled to receive them.
6. He [the Treasurer of the Society] shall pay all drafts signed by the President and attested by the Secretary. He shall, upon receipt of membership fees, countersign all certificates of membership and deliver the same to the Secretary.
7. Hereafter, the Secretary shall give members 30 days notice of the expiration of their terms of membership. (The Treasurer used to attend to it.)
8. Hereafter, the Board of Managers re-organized and adjourned during the Annual Meeting of the Society. Hereafter, the Board shall organize and may hold an adjourned meeting at such time and place as may be agreed upon, to take action on the resolutions or recommendations that shall have been adopted at the last Annual Meeting of the Society, and also to transact such other business or may require immediate attention, and, if necessary, a referendum vote may be taken on any matter.
9. A section be added to Article I, referring to the members, to meet a ruling of the postal government relating to the admission of the Pennsylvania Society members to the privileges of Second Class mail-matter.

The Board agreed to submit the above changes in the By-Laws to a referendum vote on May 22d, as the By-Laws require that amendments shall be made by a majority vote of the whole Board.

As stated above, the Board adjourned to meet again on May 22d to finish its work.

This is the first time that the new rule for a referendum vote is used. It was adopted about a year ago, and its wise provision ought to be apparent to every one in a case like this. The Board is composed of twelve managers and seven votes make a majority. There were only five managers present at the above meeting, and they were the minority of the "whole Board." No doubt, the wisdom of the rule will be proven in other ways in time.

The responses to the Annual Easter Appeal to date are as follows:

Prof. Jacob D. Kieckheff, Mt. Airy, 1.00  
A. R. Montgomery, E. G. V. P. Mt. Airy Inst., 5.00  
Eugene C. Moore, Instructor in Canterbury, Mt. Airy, 1.00  
Wm. F. Druse, Instructor in Baking, Mt. Airy, 1.00  
Miss Carrie Crease, Roxborough, 5.00  
Mrs. Mary H. Roan, Phila., 5.00  
Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Reider, Phila., 2.00  
Stella Stewart, 1.00  
Julia E. Hoyt, 1.00  
Lillian B. Freed, Souderton, 5.00  
Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Allabough, 1.00  
James Benson, Three Springs, 1.00  
Daniel P. Heeber, Wexford, 1.00  
Adam E. Smith, Pansutawney, 1.00  
Mrs. Ida M. Handwerk, Saegerville, 1.00  
Capitola E. Biery, Merzow, 2.00  
Mrs. A. P. Coulter, Philadelphia, 2.00  
Belle Offerle, Erie, 50

Among these excused from jury service in Common Pleas Court No. 5 yesterday, were William Silverwood, a blind man, and Eugene McCarty, a deaf-mute. Silverwood was very anxious to serve, and told Judge Staake he felt that he was being deprived of his rights as an American citizen.

"It would be impossible," the Judge replied, "for a man totally

blind to serve satisfactorily as a jurymen. He would be unable to observe the appearance and conduct of witnesses on the stand. Although he might readily hear every word of testimony, it is essential under the law that he also observe witnesses' appearance and manner of testifying. Nor could a jurymen without sight inspect any written documents that might be offered in evidence. The Court does not think that you are in any way deprived of the rights of citizenship by not being accepted as a juror."—*Phila. Record.*

"The Significance of Passover" was the subject of a lecture by Mr. Samuel Cohen, of Gallaudet College, on Sunday, the 19th, at the Beth Israel Synagogue.

Mrs. Henry Silmutzer left this city on April 4th, to pay a visit to her mother and sister in Albany, N. Y. She was accompanied by her daughter, Miss Sallie Silmutzer.

At All Souls' Church on Sunday, April 12th, the R. V. C. O. Dantzer baptized the child of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Seivert. Mrs. Seivert was formerly Miss Edna S. Stevenson, daughter of the late Henry S. Stevenson, and both she and her husband can hear. The child was named Edwin Michael, and the sponsors were James T. Young and Mrs. M. J. Syle.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer also baptized Frank Lenox McCoy at this service. His sponsor was Arthur Fowler.

Mrs. Harry S. Smith gave her daughter, Edith, a little birthday party at the Mt. Airy School one Saturday evening. Several young girl pupils were invited to the party, and the Matron of the Hall very kindly assisted all she could to give them a pleasant time. Mrs. Smith was very much pleased with the success of the party and the help of the matron, which she had not expected.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ellis M. Pearce on April 8th. Mrs. Pearce was formerly Miss Bowden, and she is a niece of Mrs. Geo. T. Sanders.

Masters Orvis and Freddie Dantzer were confirmed at the Church of the Resurrection, Broad and Tioga Streets, last Sunday evening.

Albert Hazy, of Steelton, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Hazy, passed through the city on Monday, on his way to Trenton, N. J., to play baseball. He is on the Steelton team and a good player, we hear. Mrs. Harry S. Smith, of this city, is his aunt.

William Hanson, of New York, is employed at the Friends' Asylum in Frankford.

Abraham Jaggard, a former Philadelphian, but now of Swedenborg, N. J., was at All Souls' on Sunday. He is looking for employment.

Some ladies, of the Philadelphia Local Branch are preparing to give an entertainment at All Souls' Hall on May 9th.

On Palm Sunday, the young ladies' choir of All Souls' Church, under the leadership of Miss Jeanette King, rendered Hymn No. 91, so gracefully that we can not help complimenting them. They render a different hymn every Sunday, one suited for the day, and although they are not required to commit it to memory, they use no book during the delivery.

The Easter service at All Souls' Church for the Deaf, as usual, was the principal event of the day among our deaf. At the same time of this service, there was a lecture at Beth Israel Temple, but it was mainly a Hebrew affair.

All Souls' was crowded, though not uncomfortably, on this occasion. Some of the visitors came from a distance.

There were also several students from Gallaudet College in the crowd, who had come to the city on Saturday to play ball.

We had little time to observe the finery of the bouquets and gowns of our fair friends, and humbly throw ourselves upon their mercy for any grievance they may now feel against us.

The floral decorations of the chancel of the church were chaste and appropriate, though not in such profusion as in former years. The Pastor, Rev. C. O. Dantzer, assisted by the Rev. C. H. Heffron, read the Communion service, the former preaching the sermon, which was an inspiring discourse on the text, "He is Risen." The vested choir rendered a hymn appropriate to the day, under the leadership of Mrs. J. S. Rodgers, in the absence of Miss King, the regular leader. The offerings for the day amounted to about \$75, which is good, considering the hard times when affect quite a large number of our deaf.

Among the Easter visitors to All Souls' were Mr. Duncan Ross MacDonald, of Erie, Pa.; Mr. B. Jump, of Delaware; Mr. and Mrs. S. Sheetz, of Reading, Pa.; several students from Gallaudet College, and others whose names we did not obtain.

Mr. D. Ross MacDonald came here from a visit to Washington, D. C., last Friday, and remained over Easter, making many new acquaintances.

The Sheetz family, from Reading, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Lewis while here.

We are glad to report that Patrick

O'Brien, formerly of Omaha, Neb., who was recently seriously injured by the explosion of a tank of ammonia, in the freezing plant of the Cudahy Packing Company, in this city, has, with the exception of marks or scars, escaped permanent injury. The doctors succeeded in saving his eyes. Mr. O'Brien is about again, and receiving the congratulations of friends upon his miraculous escape.

Misses Fell, Rodgers, Amlauer, McGhee, Jones, Mannin, Huster, Mayer, Wilson and Siles, attended the opening game of the National League base ball season in this city, last Tuesday, and were compelled to swallow the defeat of their favorite team—the Phillies—by the New York Giants.

William McKinney spent Easter with relatives in Atlantic City.

Harper Leidy returned from Atlantic City on Sunday afternoon, the heavy downpour hastening his return.

Miss Nettie Stemple has gone to East Stroudsburg, to visit her mother for a week.

The following students of Gallaudet College, who are on a baseball tour to Gettysburg, Lewisburg, Villa Nova, and Lebanon, stopped here over Easter:—

Odie Underhill, '08, North Carolina.  
Wm. Cooper, '08, Pennsylvania.  
J. O'Donnell, '09, Minnesota.  
H. Harper, '08, Alabama.  
J. Flower, '11, Kansas.  
Walter Bell, '11, Alabama.  
H. S. Morris, '11, Georgia.  
Bird Craven, '11, Oregon.  
Arthur Dillon, '10, New York.  
C. Sharp, '10, Minnesota.  
Alton Bell, I. C., Alabama.  
Vernon S. Birch, I. C., New York.

A number of deaf of the city were invited to meet them at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. Sanders in Mt. Airy, on Saturday evening, and again on Easter evening.

The annual meeting of All Souls' Parish Guild takes place this Thursday evening, April 23d.

### DEAF-MUTE CONVICTS MURDERERS

A murder trial at Bordeaux, France, in which an inmate, his wife and two accomplices were charged with killing a customer, was the occasion of a dramatic scene when one of the witnesses took the stand. This witness, named Lacampagne, was a deaf-mute ignorant of the ordinary finger language.

His brother-in-law and two of his friends appeared to translate his gestures into words, but their services were really unnecessary, so clearly did he express himself by that instinctive mimicry which is sometimes the accompaniment of speech, but here became its substitute.

During his evidence the deaf-mute, who had been the handy man of the inn, always designated the victim of sucking in his cheeks against his teeth, the landlord by shaking his fist—his employer's usual method of speaking to him—the landlord's wife by putting his hands to his hair, one accomplice by cutting his mustache and the other by striking an imaginary match on his trousers, as this prisoner was a smuggler of matches.

Then, with short, abrupt gestures, as clear as they were rapid, he told his story—how the landlady sent him away on an errand, how he returned to find the door locked, how he entered by the cellar door, saw the corpse, saw one murderer washing a blood stained hammer, another cleaning his face and hands and the landlady embracing her husband as if to thank him for what he had done. The landlady caught sight of him and dealt him a violent blow, then, changing his mind, made signs to him to help get rid of the body.

At this point the landlady, who clearly followed the deaf-mute's story, broke in with "That's a lie; that's a lie!"

Lacampagne turned and looked in the landlady's face; then, stamping with his foot, he raised his hand and stood in the same solemn attitude in which he had taken the oath.

This evidence and a confession by the mustache wearing prisoner were enough to convict the accused. The landlady and the match-smuggler were sentenced to death, the others to imprisonment for fifteen years.—*Buffalo News*, April 16.

### CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

### NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday at 3 P. M.  
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday at 3 P. M. April 26th, Holy Communion.

### APRIL 26TH.

St. Peter's Church, Port Chester. 10:30 A. M. Holy Communion.  
St. Paul's Church, Newburgh. 10:30 A. M.  
Gallaudet Home. 3 P. M.

### E. W. Frisbee's appointments.

### APRIL 1908.

26-10:30 A. M., Trinity Parish Hall, Boston.  
4:00 P. M., Trinity Church, Haverhill.  
EDWIN W. FRISBEE,  
182 Broadway, Everett, Mass.

## OHIO.

### An Easter Appeal for the Home.

### STATEMENT OF THE IMPROVEMENT FUND.

### News Concerning the Doings of Buckeye Deaf.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

April 18, 1908.—The Committee on Ways and Means of the Home sent out the following appeal and statement of the Improvement Fund Wednesday, and hope there will be a generous response from those receiving it. With this fund and that for the clearing of the recently purchased farm, the Ohio deaf have plenty to keep them busy working for worthy objects:

### EASTER APPEAL.

To Our Friends:—Again, at this Easter time, we appeal to you for special contributions for the Ohio Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf. Our object of the special collections is the raising of a fund to build an addition to the Home to accommodate the needs of the now large number of inmates. Through your generosity in the past the fund now amounts to \$1,294.15. The estimated cost of the addition is \$2,500 to \$3,000. Last year you, our good friends, contributed \$922.29 to this fund. This was the largest Easter Offering we have ever received, being \$14 more than the Offering of 1907, which was the next largest. For this generous response we thank you most sincerely. On another page we give the Treasurer's statement of this fund.

We most earnestly solicit you and your friends to give us your continued support, so the building addition may be well become a reality.

Enclosed find a coin-card, with address envelope, which we trust you will find a way to fill with an Easter Offering to the Home. Any sum, no matter how small, will be gladly received. Also ask your friends to help fill it.

If you cannot use the card, please put in the addressed envelope (unsealed) with a one-cent stamp and return it to the Treasurer. The regular income of the Home is just enough for its support and cannot be used for improvements, hence this appeal.

All contributions will be acknowledged by mail and through the *Ohio Chronicle*.

Yours sincerely,

W. H. ZORN,  
C. W. CHARLES,  
A. H. SCHORY,  
J. B. SHOWALTER,  
A. W. OHELMACHER.

Committee on Ways and Means for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf.

### THE IMPROVEMENT FUND.

STATEMENT OF DISBURSEMENTS BY THE TREASURER.

To the Treasurer of the Improvement Fund.—All the contributions last year were acknowledged by mail or through the *Ohio Chronicle*, and turned over to W. H. Zorn and J. B. Showalter, Treasurers of the Board of Managers. Below is his statement of receipts and expenditures:

### STATEMENT OF DISBURSEMENT O. IMPROVEMENT FUND.

### RECEIPTS.

1907.  
March Balance..... \$746.95  
Interest..... 57.40  
Cash received from A. H. Schory, Treas., on account of Easter Offerings, 1907..... 529.29  
Total..... \$1333.65

### DISBURSEMENTS.

March Nitschke Bros., coin cards and stationery..... \$ 8.50  
Postage stamps..... 22.60  
May Barn and Cellar, lumber for milk house..... 70  
Total..... \$ 101.10  
Balance on hand..... 1294.15  
\$1335.65

JACOB B. SHOWALTER, Treas.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schwartz completed their first ten years of wedded life last week, but the event escaped their notice until a large number of their admiring friends swooped in upon their household Saturday evening, and made known to them the cause of their unexpected presence. Mr. Schwartz, he it known, is an adept in smiles, but on this occasion he outdid himself, probably because his wife joined in the affair. The cause for all this was the large number of reminders of the event friends brought along for the couple. The company brought also a lot of good things to eat, which were later attacked by the company. Altogether a very pleasant evening was passed, and Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz on the departure of the crowd were wished many more such occasions.

Mr. Wm. H. Zorn was passing around fragrant Havanas among his friends Wednesday morning, asked, and when questioned on this sudden generosity he smiled a big smile, and made it known that he is twice a papa. A second daughter arrived in the household that morning. Mrs. Zorn, nee Ida Oehlmecher, and the child at this writing are doing nicely.

Mrs. Harris, the Governor's wife takes especial interest in the Ohio School for the Deaf, for she is a frequent visitor here, and always brings along a friend or two. She was here Wednesday morning with several, and attended chapel services.

The Ladies' Aid Society, of Ballaire, is fittingly fulfilling its name. At the last meeting it voted to give the Home for Deaf and St. Elizabeth Church, of near Wheeling, W. Va., each five dollars as an Easter offering. The Society has voted to

meet monthly hereafter, and also decided to give a Leap Year box social, on the evening of April 25th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Corbett, the proceeds thereof to be given to St. Elizabeth's Church.

Mr. Avery Van Emon, who after graduating from this school some ten years ago, moved out to Oregon, has been appointed to teach the pupils of Washington State School drawing and painting. While at school here he was a pupil under Mr. Ernest Zell in the Art Department, and after moving West continued his studies in the California School of Design of the University of California, in San Francisco. His friends here are proud, and congratulate him upon his advancement.

Miss Orpha-Tong is back in Columbus from a visit to relatives in Indiana, but has not resumed work in the bindery, for want of sufficient paper to fold and keep all hands busy.

The Independents journeyed down into Classic Athens Saturday, last to cross bats with the Ohio University Club, but didn't secure enough runs to award them a victory. However, it was a close game, 2 to 1, so their opponents hadn't much to crow over.

Helen, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Oehlmecher, celebrated her fifth birthday anniversary Thursday afternoon, and had as guests Gertrude Zorn, Wilbur Mayer, Florence and Charliel Charles, and several neighboring tots, to help to pass the afternoon as only little children know how. Great was their fun, and better still the lunch and candies Helen's Ma had prepared and served them.

A. B. G.

## PITTSBURG.

A business meeting of the Pittsburgh Branch of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, was held on the 11th inst., at the old stand—Washington Hall, and though it was all business, it proved interesting, and there was a large attendance. Reports of various Committees were made, that of the hall-hunting Committee being for the time being the most interesting. The difficulties encountered and the conditions existing with the places visited all proved entertaining. It was decided unanimously, after the talk was over, to just keep on the present abiding place. So Washington Hall will be the mecca each month for the next year.

Mr. Leitner and others related instances where hearing persons had been detected in the vicinity masquerading as deaf and dumb sufferers, and begging for assistance. It was thought this sort of thing was getting too frequent to let pass in talk. The Branch instructed the officers to prepare a statement concerning the matter, and present it to the authorities of the city, and the police generally, that they might be on the lookout for such impostors. We know of no deaf persons in these parts who are assuming on their deafness to gain the sympathy of the public.

The meeting was stirred to a good deal of amusement and some sarcastic remarks by certain members, when Mr. C. S. Sawhill made a motion to change the name of the Branch from Pittsburgh to the Allegheny County Branch. This was inspired by a suggestion from a Philadelphia friend. What sinister motive prompted such suggestion we can't guess, but the answer to it was mighty plain—not a single vote favored such a change. We have no notion of burying ourselves in an unknown quantity (or County), as our speaker remarked. Pittsburgh is known the world over, but who knows what or where Allegheny County is, or cares.

The entertainment for May 9th, promises to be worth while, so come along and enjoy it. If you don't get your money's worth, W. F. Durian will want to know why.

Mr. John E. Rosensteel, of Ebersburg, was in the city recently—his usual Spring visit to lay in supplies for his thriving business. He runs a garage as part of his business, and makes it pay, too, consequently the Automobile show, recently held here, was his attraction, and no doubt he took away ideas useful, and doubtless profitable later on. He is one of those independent hustlers who know a good thing when he sees it.

Out at the school the girls in the cooking class entertained recently, and the members of the upper classes and a few of the teachers enjoyed the treat. Those girls know how to make their culinary proficiency touch the right spot.

Mrs. Cyril Painter (nee Winch) and her two little tots were visitors at the school this week, the first time they had shown themselves since Mr. Painter became the Supervisor of boys. Mrs. Painter has grown some since we saw her last, and the boys are regular chips off the old block. Mrs. S. A. Sawhill was also a visitor.

Nearly half the pupils went home for Easter, which is quite an exodus.

G. M. T.

At St. Thomas Mission, St. Louis, Sunday, April 13th, Tipton Bligh Cheneery, son of Jas. S. and Lily May Cheneery was baptized by the Rev. J. H. Cloud.



#### Wind's Velocity

Crossing the summit of Mount Hood, in Oregon, one morning, with Lieberati, the band leader, I was knocked flat by a gust of wind. My companion was turned topsyturvy. We were strong, but we could not stand before that blast, and crawled on hands and knees down to the Mother Crater below us.

We had no instruments with which to measure the velocity of that gale, but, as near as we could estimate, it was traveling at the rate of ninety miles an hour, and, uninterrupted, could have reached Chicago in twenty-two hours, outspeeding the best train for the same distance by forty hours.

Yet, while more than 11,000 feet in the air we found such a speeding of the wind, at the base of pink-topped Hood only a zephyr of five miles-an-hour flight was to be felt. As a rule the upper currents of the atmosphere are more disturbed, more violent in nature, than those close to the earth's surface. If this were not so, life on the earth would be intolerable.

I have before me one record of the Weather Bureau from the summit of Pike's Peak, which shows a wind velocity during one day of 115 miles an hour. The elevation was more than 14,000 feet. The Weather Bureau observatory on the peak was frequently blown off until a rock-ribbed one was constructed, warranted to withstand any gale.

On the Desert of Sahara sand storms, which are always accompanied by high winds, have been recorded with velocities varying from 80 to 120 miles an hour. When the latter speed is reached, caravans of men and camels are literally buried alive in hot sand and smothered before relief can come.

Prof. Henry Seaton, in his book on cyclones and their causes, discovered many conflicting figures as to their velocity. The St. Cloud cyclone, which destroyed two towns, jumped ten miles in just eight minutes, and in the last of its fury covered a hundred miles in fifty minutes.

The Rochester cyclone passed over a mile in thirty seconds, a rate of speed equivalent to 120 miles an hour. The Clear Lake cyclone traversed 90 miles in 35 minutes, which was a terrific flight.

The Sioux Center cyclone traveled three miles in two minutes, then rose in the air and descended again fifteen miles distant in twelve minutes.

Desert winds, confined within mountain walls and being generated by hot sand surfaces, attain frightful velocity. Several attempts have been made on the Arizona to get these velocities. The nearest approaches, with accuracy, that have been made show speeds of 140, 160, 180 and 175 miles an hour for short distances.

Hurricanes off the southwestern coast of the United States, particularly in the vicinity of Cape Hatteras, have been reported, with wind velocities reaching 200 miles an hour. In such gales vessels are helpless.

As a rule they are driven out to sea and sunk or thrown upon rocky coasts and wrecked.

The cold atmosphere of the Arctic and Antarctic regions appear to have the same speed-generating effect on winds as do the hot regions of the earth's deserts. Few of the glacial plateaus of the Arctic zone can be crossed by a human being except in a calm. Wind velocity there reaches a maximum of 120 and 148 miles an hour, and explorers and gold-seekers have been literally blown off the icy surfaces by the elemental rage.

The bark "Juanita," outbound from the mouth of the Yukon River, in 1899, was struck by a "norther" blowing at a 100 miles-an-hour rate.

The bark was enveloped in a fog and darkness which lasted for two days. When her captain finally found his bearings again, he was in Japanese waters. He had been blown more than a thousand miles out of his course, and why his craft was not sunk he never could explain.

The city of New Seville promised several hundred years ago to be one of the most beautiful Spanish settlements on the East South American coast. It had a population of over 7,000, and was a favorite port for the ships of war and merchandise.

Late one afternoon a wind came out of the sea, following a day of extreme heat, and blew steadily inland for two days. We do not know its velocity, but when it had passed, New Seville and its people were no more. They were buried so deep that only the old maps show they ever existed, and their harbor was wiped out completely.

The most plausible theory of the origin of the winds is that they arise from the sudden development of an excess of electrical energy. This surplus of energy may be developed by the speed of the earth's revolution, joined to variations in the sun's heat. They may be caused by development of heat to an excess in confined places, like desert, mountain gorges, etc. which, after a certain degree of growth, must escape and be replaced with cold air.

The passing out of the hot air and the rushing in of the cold air

produces an electrical friction which develops into a wind, and, according to the force manifested, that wind may be a cyclone, a simoon, a tornado, a hurricane, a gust, or only a passing breath.

Then again the heat of the sun and the heat of many suns greater than it, thrown at varying degrees into the atmosphere above the earth, has a disturbing or agitating effect which may be reflected in a wind storm miles above the earth's surface, or which descends to the earth and works havoc there.

The principle might be illustrated by attaching a rapidly moving fly-wheel to a finely tempered steel rod, which would cause the latter to vibrate. As the speed of the wheel increased, the rod's vibrations would increase.

Gradually the rod would grow warm, then red hot, then pass to white heat, and finally, if the speed attained was great enough, would vaporize, and pass off into the air.

While it was doing this it would give off first a humming sound, then a "swish." It also would develop a strong current of wind which would be manifest some distance away and which, as the rod's vibrations grew in number, would develop in force.

And earth or upper disturbance of the atmosphere will cause a wind (a calm being the opposite), and the disturbance, the higher the velocity of that wind. Thus a heat belt may devastate a state with cyclones, while a trolley car on an avenue causes only a breeze.

The sanctuary of the tomb of the prophet Mahomet, at Medina, Turkey, is to be lighted by electricity. The contract has just been given to an English construction company.

### Whist Party

TO BE GIVEN BY THE

### New Jersey Auxiliary Society of Deaf-Mutes

AT THE  
NEW AUDITORIUM  
81 Orange Street  
NEWARK, N. J.

Saturday Evening, April 25, '08

Admission, - - 25 Cents  
(Including refreshments)

Game will commence at 8:30 P.M.

ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE  
Mrs. Chas. McManus, Chairman  
Mrs. F. Cosgrove  
Miss H. Housell  
Mrs. G. Matzart  
Miss T. Wagner

New Scenery New Costumes

### PEET DRAMATIC CLUB

IN THE STIRING DRAMA

### Tale of Two Cities

(From the Novel by Charles Dickens.)

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes  
(Guild Room)

Saturday Evening, April 25, 1908

Admission, - - 25 cents  
Reserved Seats, - - 35 cents

Proceeds for the benefit of the Guild of Silent Workers.

### Mr. William G. Jones

will entertain with a

### Reading

"RIENZI: The Last of the Tribunes."

at the

### Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church

North East Corner 73d Street

Friday Evening, May 22, 1908

Tickets, Twenty-Five Cents



Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. (Largest agency for securing patents.) Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

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### "The Wish Bone Party"

under the auspices of the

### BROOKLYN GUILD

to be held at

### St. Mark's Chapel

On Adelphi Street  
Near DeKalb Ave.

Thursday Evening,  
May 21, 1908

Doors open at 7:30

Admission, - - 25 cents  
(including refreshments)

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS  
Mrs. Wm. A. Moore, Chairman  
Mr. E. Berg  
Mrs. E. Berg  
Mr. Wm. A. Moore

This space reserved for the New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society Annual Picnic, Saturday, July 18th.

G. A. MATZART,  
Chairman.

[PARTICULARS LATER.]

SPACE RESERVED FOR PACKAGE PARTY & GAMES OF THE BROOKLYN DEAF-MUTE CLUB IN MAY

[Particulars Later]

### SMOKER & STAG

OF THE

### Hollywood Fraternity

—AT—

### Grand Opera House

[Council room]  
23 St., and 8th Ave.

Saturday night, May 9, 1908

Door opens 8 P.M.

Tickets, - - 50 cents each

(includes refreshments, etc.)

HENRY BEUERMANN,  
ALFRED STERN,  
HARRY POWELL,  
Committee.

### Package Party & Games

under the auspices of the

### HEBREW CONGREGATION of Deaf-Mutes

at the

### Vestry Room of the Temple

Cor. Lexington Ave. and 73d St.

Saturday evening, May 16, 1908

Gentlemen, adm'tting one, 25 cts.

Ladies will please furnish packages.

COMMITTEE  
Joseph Zeiss Samuel Greenberg  
M. W. Loew

WANTED—At once, a good girl for general housework. Call on, or write to Mrs. W. G. Jones, 519 West 162d Street, New York.

## Electrical Exhibition and Moving Picture Entertainment

—AT—

### St. Ann's Church Guild Room

148th Street, West of Amsterdam Avenue.

### Saturday Evening, May 2, 1908

For the Benefit of the Different Charitable Societies of the Deaf—A New Electrical Hearing Device—Free Tests—Deaf-Mutes Shown in the Moving Picture Exhibition—Doors open at 8 P.M. Come Early and Avoid the Rush.

Admission, - - 35 Cents

For further particulars see circulars.

W. E. SHAW, Manager.

### WE NEED YOUR HELP

AT AN

### Entertainment

OF THE

### Guild of Silent Workers

AT

### ST. ANN'S CHURCH

ON

Saturday Evening, May 16, '08

Particulars later.

Send in your full name and 10 cents in stamps or coin to

Rev. John Chamberlain, D.D.,  
587 West 145th Street, New York City.

Rev. John H. Keiser,  
2809 Briggs Avenue, New York City.

E. C. Elsworth, Chairman,  
229 West 138th Street, New York City.

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### The Silentia 1908

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The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

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